

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

JULY
No. 63

COMICS 10¢



BLACKHAWK

sides with

GUNGHA, royal elephant
of **USLUSTAN!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's the Greatest **BILLFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

4 BIG VALUES in ONE

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

All for only
\$1.98

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
finished Leather Billfold with
Pass Case to hold membership
cards and credit cards. Pat-
terned so no feature, locks
valuable so currency and
valuables can't fall out.



Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

DeLuxe
VALUE

Smart
STYLING



YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
Handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.

YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color, Em-
ergency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you



NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

Here's something new in a billfold. With a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. De- signed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shipped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Keep to get all this Handy Efficient Durably made! The nearest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever come across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A- LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9407
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Coin Holder, Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postage only \$1.00 plus 20% Federal Tax and for extra postage and C.O.D. charge. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 14 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

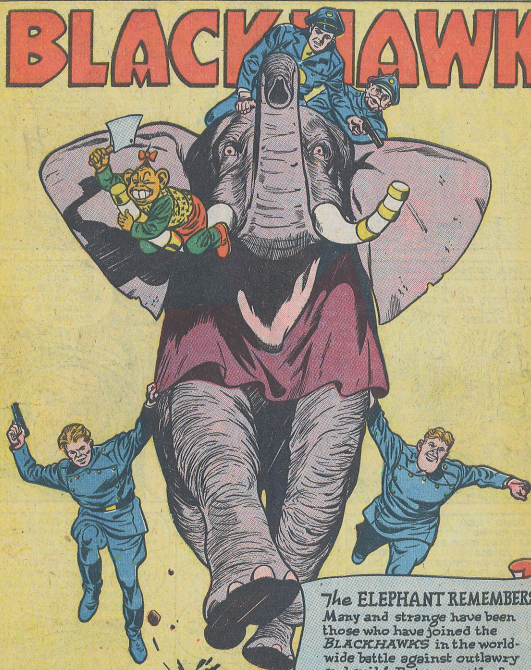
☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (Total \$2.37).

☐ Social Security No. _____ Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MODERN COMICS, July, 1947, No. 63. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, 4 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Buildings, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.75 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.05. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 28 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murbey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 505 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1947 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

BLACKHAWK

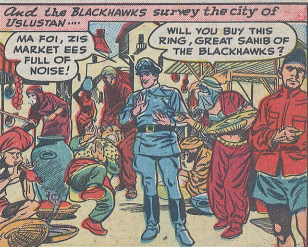
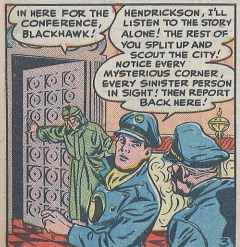
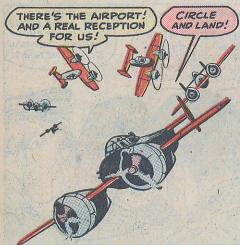
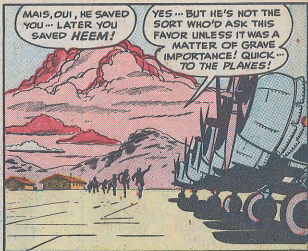


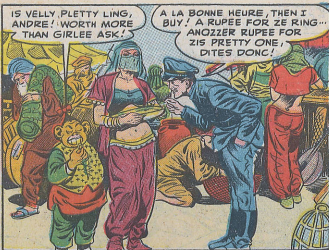
The ELEPHANT REMEMBERS!

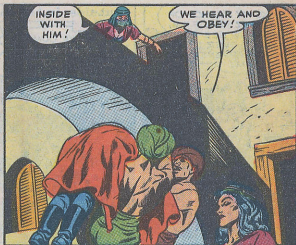
Many and strange have been those who have joined the **BLACKHAWKS** in the world-wide battle against outlawry and evil! But among the foremost of their friends and allies was the most loyal, wise and brave of beasts....

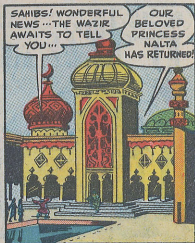
GUNGHA, the royal elephant of **USLUSTAN**!

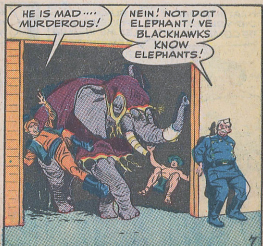
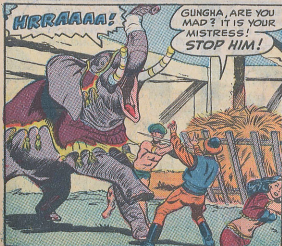
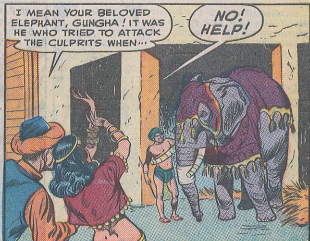














NALTA!
WHY DO
YOU RUN?

DON'T
STOP
ME!



THE PRINCESS
HAS RUN AWAY...
VANISHED! BRING
HER BACK TO
THIS PALACE!

YA, BRING
HER BACK...
TO DER
JAIL!



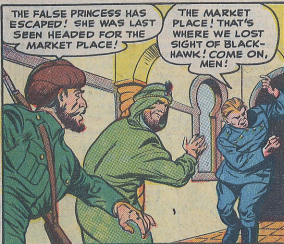
DER ELEPHANT! NALTA'S
FRIEND ... TO DOT
GIRL HE HAS AN
ENEMY! SHE LOOKED
LIKE NALTA, BUT DER
ELEPHANT KNEW...

YOU MEAN
SHE WAS
A DOUBLE?
AN
IMPOSTER?



CERTAINMENT! ZE ELEPHANT
REMEMBERED HER FROM ZE
KIDNAPPING! ZIS FALSE
PRINCESS WAS HERE WHEN
ZE REAL PRINCESS WAS
STOLEN! BLACKHAWK
WEEL AGREE ...

MEIN
HIMMEL,
VERE ISS
BLACKHAWK?



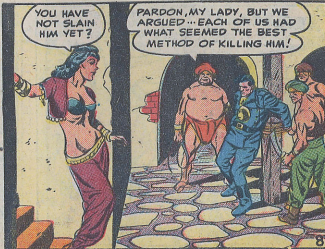
THE FALSE PRINCESS HAS
ESCAPED! SHE WAS LAST
SEEN HEADED FOR THE
MARKET PLACE!

THE MARKET
PLACE! THAT'S
WHERE WE LOST
SIGHT OF BLACK-
HAWK! COME ON,
MEN!



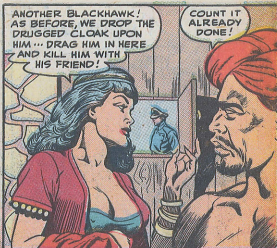
WHAT HAPPENED?
DID YOU NOT
BECOME RULER?

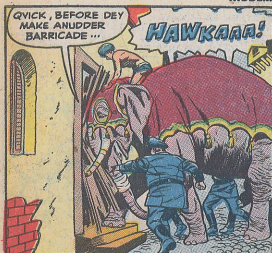
A BLACK FATE
SPOILED IT ALL!
LET ME IN...AND
REMAIN ON
GUARD HERE!

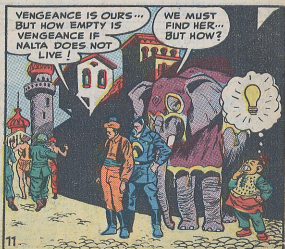
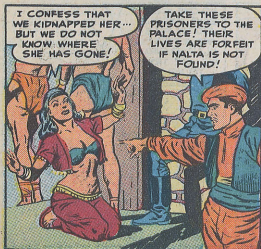
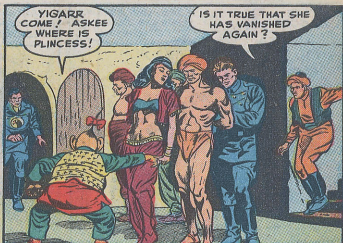
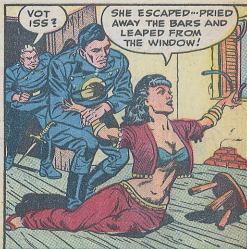
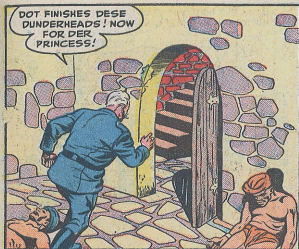


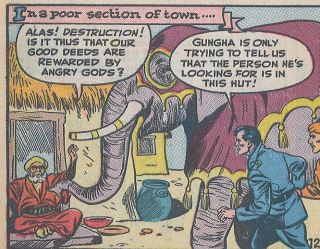
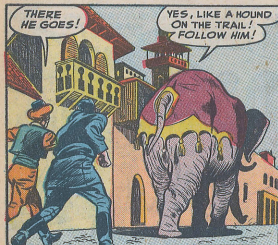
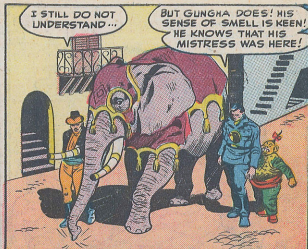
YOU HAVE
NOT SLAIN
HIM YET?

PARDON, MY LADY, BUT WE
ARGUED ... EACH OF US HAD
WHAT SEEMED THE BEST
METHOD OF KILLING HIM!

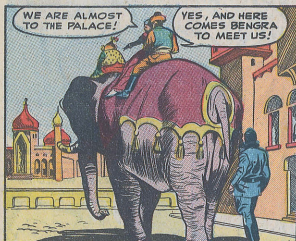
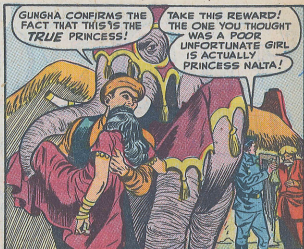




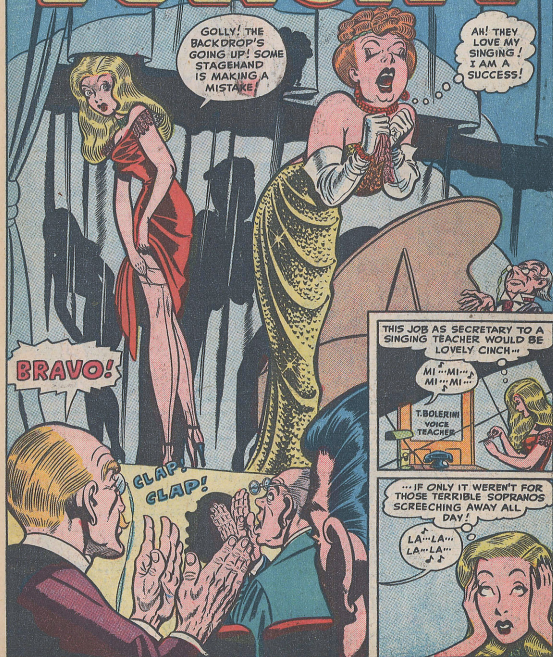


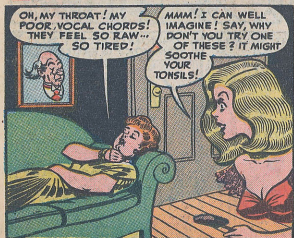
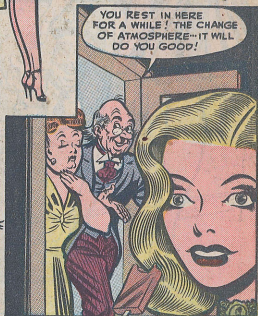
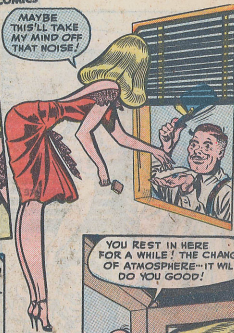
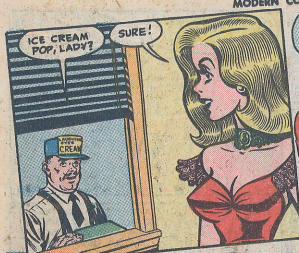


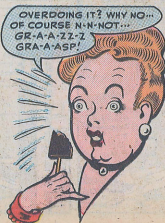
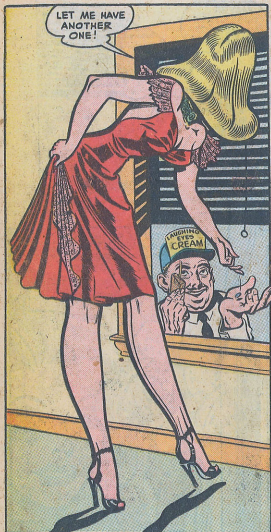
MODERN COMICS

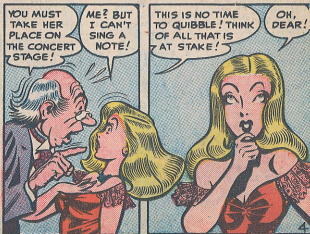
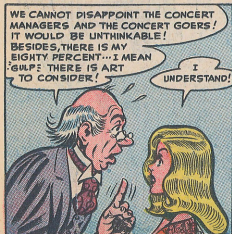
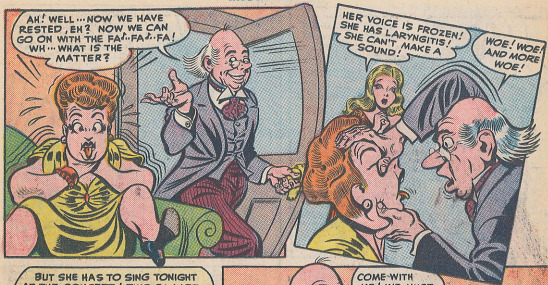


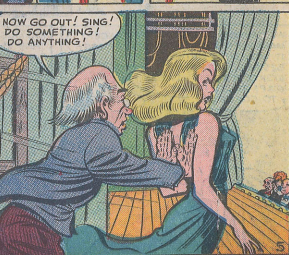
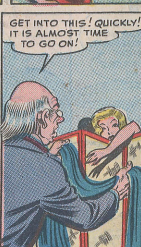
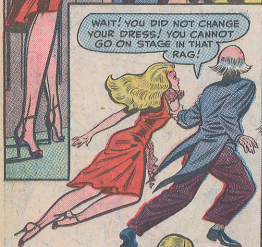
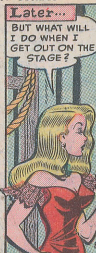
TORCHY



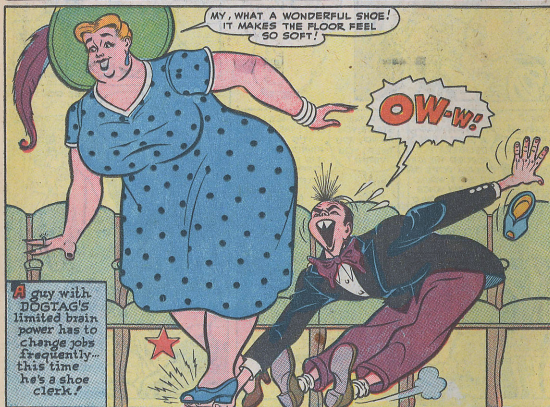


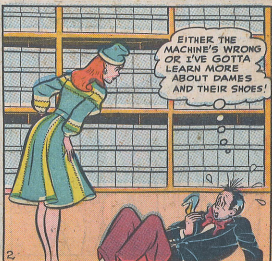
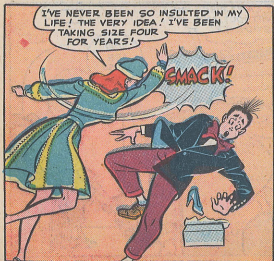
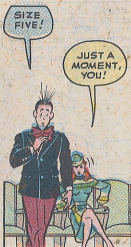
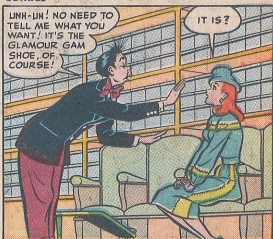
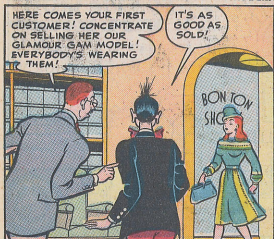


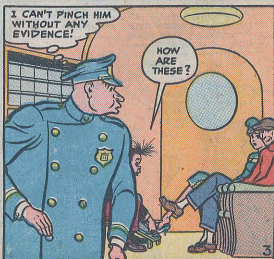
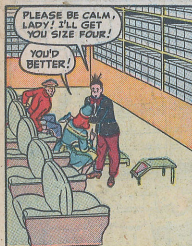
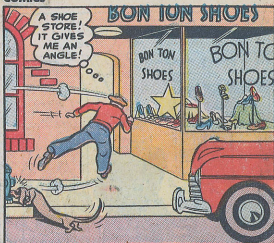
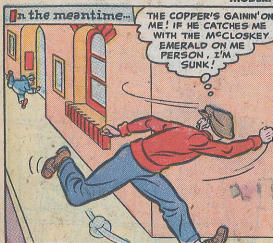


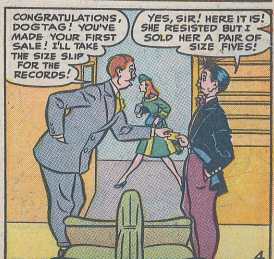
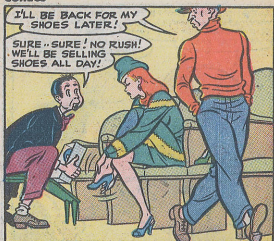
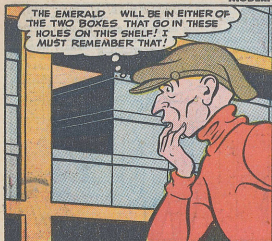


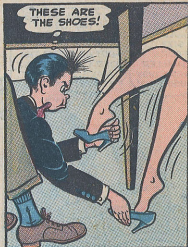
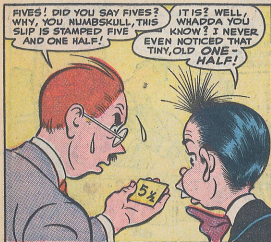
DOGTAG

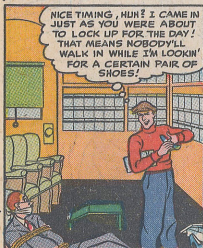
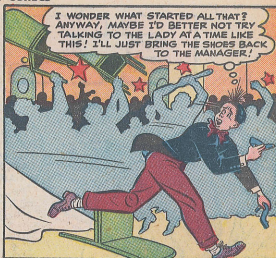












GRAWK! THE MCCLOSKEY EMERALD AIN'T HERE!



EZRA

WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FOR, DEAN? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID OF A BABY CALF!

OH, YEAH? THAT CALF SURE GREW FAST! HAPPY LANDINGS, EZRA!



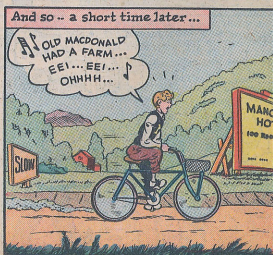
HELP WANTED
Young man for general farm work. Good pay. Good pay. Apply in person. MEAD'S FARM.

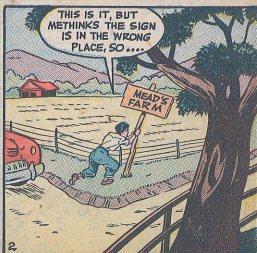
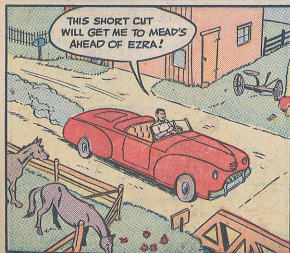
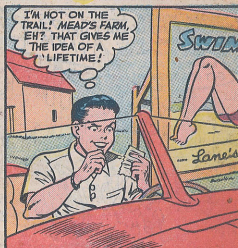
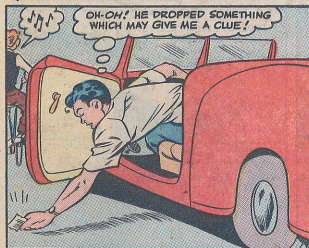
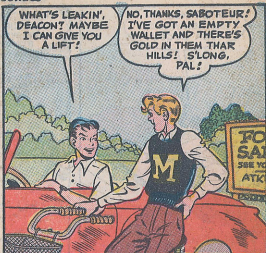
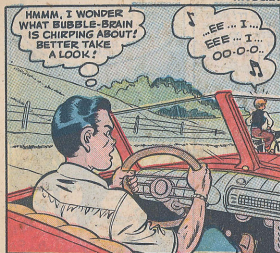
OH, BOY! THAT'S FOR ME! FRESH AIR, PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS AND GOOD PAY!



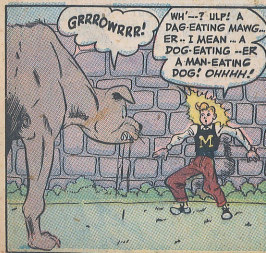
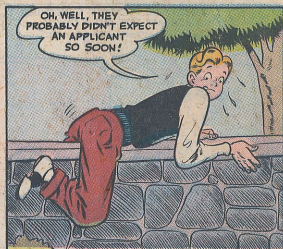
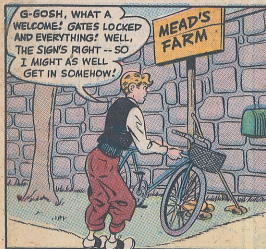
And so -- a short time later ...

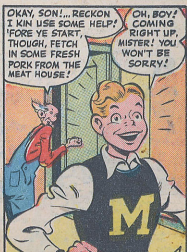
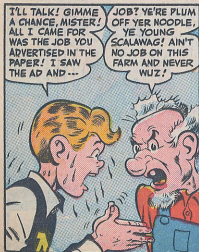
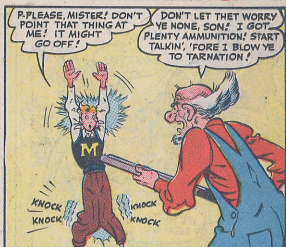
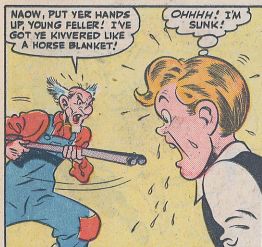
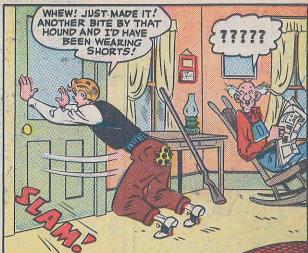
♪ OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM ...
EEI ... EEI ...
OHHHH ...



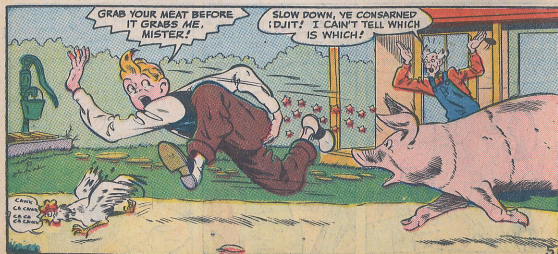
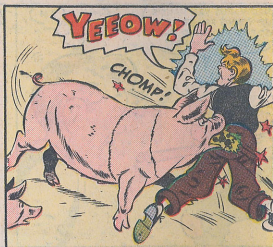
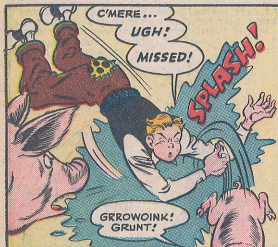
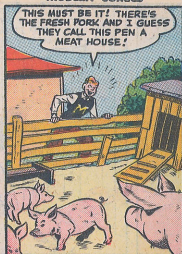
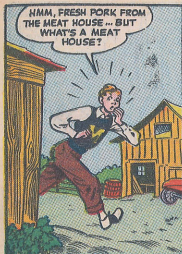


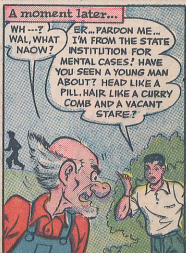
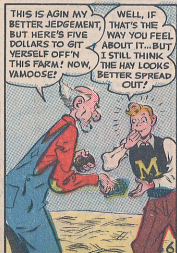
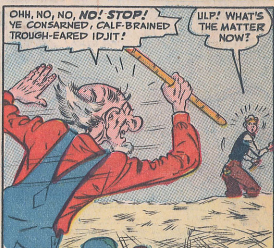
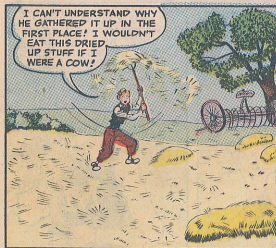
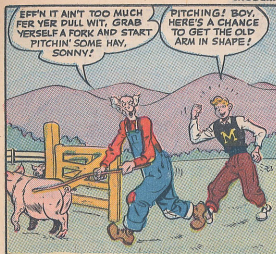
MODERN COMICS



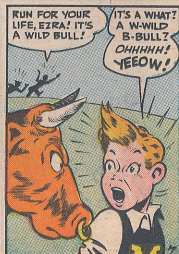
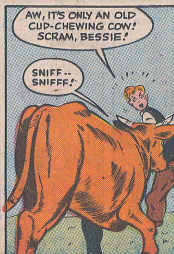
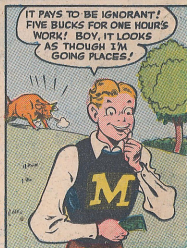
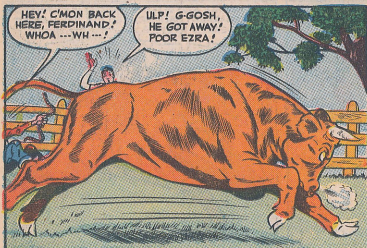
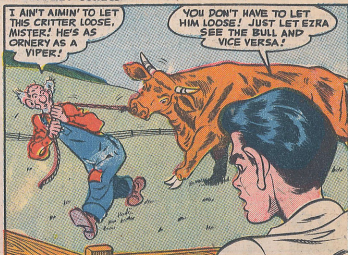
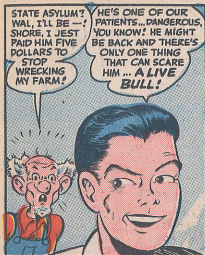


MODERN COMICS

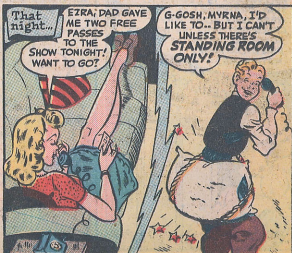
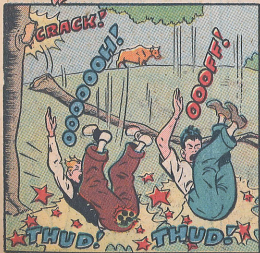
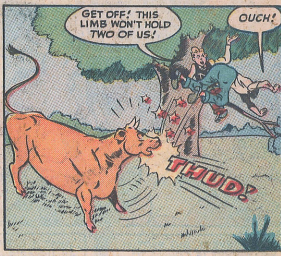
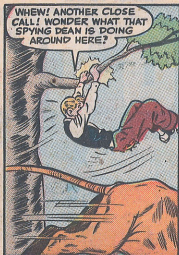




MODERN COMICS



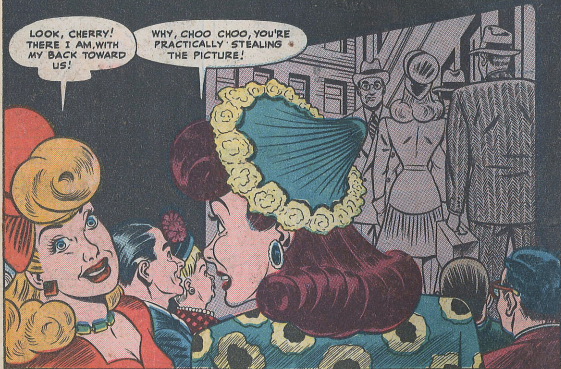
MODERN COMICS



CHOO CHOO

LOOK, CHERRY!
THERE I AM, WITH
MY BACK TOWARD
US!

WHY, CHOO CHOO, YOU'RE
PRACTICALLY STEALING
THE PICTURE!



GOSH! EVERY BIG SHOT IN
HOLLYWOOD IS COMING TO
THAT PREMIERE! IF THERE
WERE ONLY SOME WAY I
COULD GET INTO THE THEATRE,
SOME PRODUCER OR
DIRECTOR MIGHT
NOTICE ME!



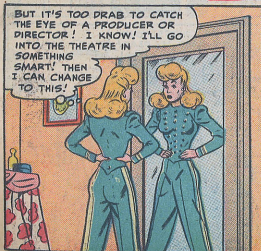
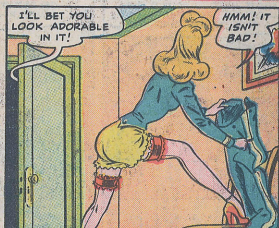
WHAT A BREAK!
AN USHER'S JOB!
THAT'S THE WAY
I'LL GET IN!

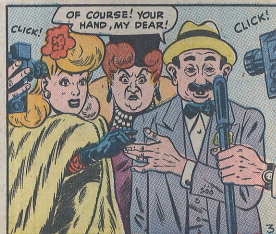
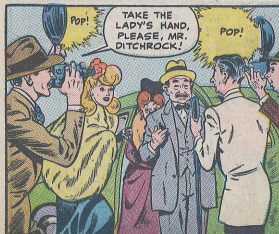
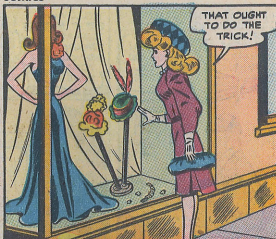


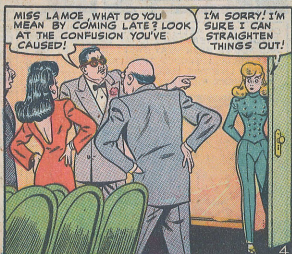
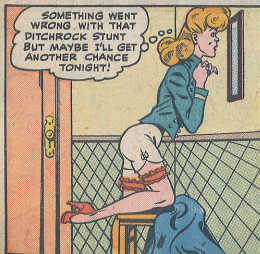
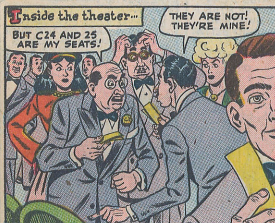
ALL RIGHT, YOU HAVE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS... AND REMEMBER,
TOMORROW NIGHT'S THE MOST
IMPORTANT NIGHT THIS
THEATER'S EVER HAD!
YOU MUSN'T MAKE ANY
MISTAKES!

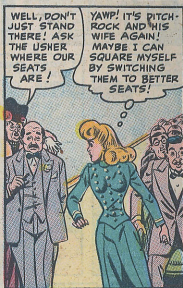
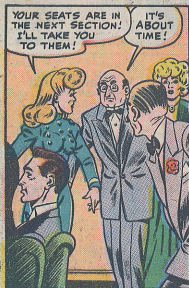
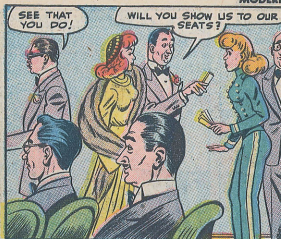


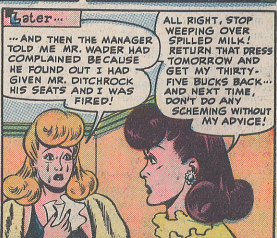
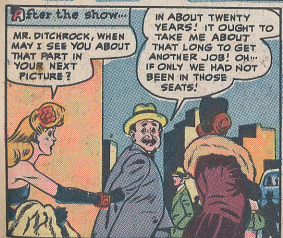
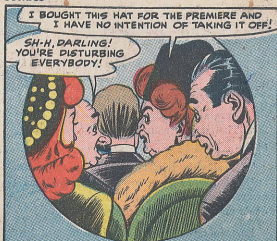
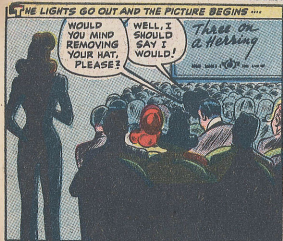
MODERN COMICS











EVERGLADE JUSTICE

CAJUN JOE, one-eyed and the terror of the Everglades, swung in again with flailing fists. The smaller man ducked and reeled, staggered.

"I keel yuh, Basteau," grunted Cajun Joe as he bored in at a crouch. Basteau backed away. It was all he could do to try and avoid Joe's mad rushes, his hammering fists.

Basteau saw the end coming. But he did not want to die. "I tell yuh, Joe, me I did not touch yer traps. No, it was someone else, yes." He was panting.

"Haw!" scoffed Joe. "Eet ees not enough yuh steal the furs, yuh lie, yes!" His big fist shot out catching Basteau on the button. The small man toppled like a felled tree. His head had cracked against a cypress root. He lay very still.

Cajun Joe squinted his one red eye and then he dropped to his knees and felt for a heartbeat in Basteau's chest. There was none.

"Ho," muttered Joe. "I keeled heem. Thass bad, yes."

Joe caught Basteau by the ankles and dragged him to the edge of the deep swamp. With a heave he dumped Basteau's body into the greenish water. He stood a moment on the bank. Twenty feet away an ugly snout broke water and a big 'gator swam fast toward the disturbance.

Joe grinned. No one would ever find Basteau's body. Not after that 'gator finished with him. He turned as the amphibian snatched the body and disappeared beneath the scummy water. Somewhere down there under a shelving bank the old 'gator had his cave. He'd dine sumptuously on Basteau's body. There'd be no tell-tale remains. No.

Cajun Joe looked around. The fight had taken place a good ten miles from the nearest village. The swamps were one vast wilderness. No one had heard or seen the battle. Joe was safe.

The big Cajun strode off through the moss-

festooned cypress trees and was soon lost to view.

Mrs. Basteau sat on the steps of her cabin waiting for her husband. He had been gone overlong. His trapline was not great; he should have been home two hours ago. What was keeping him?

The woman got up and began walking back and forth in the little yard before her cabin. Where was Henri? Henri never stayed so long before. Something had happened to him!

She waited another hour, then put on her bonnet and shawl. It was four miles to the village, but it would take her only a few minutes in the pirogue—made of a hollowed-out log. She shoved it into the water, climbed in and began wielding the pole. Swiftly she sped through the water. Sheriff Neil must be told about Henri's absence.

Sheriff Neil heard Mrs. Basteau out, then scratched his stubby jaw. "Could be he got tied up with a catamount, mebbe," he hazarded. "Happens sometimes."

Mrs. Basteau shook her head. "But I know it is not that," she said. "No, I feel it here." She touched her breast. "Something has happened to Henri." She began crying.

"Now you mustn't take on like that there," said the sheriff in a kindly tone. "You jist keep yer chin up. I'll take some o' th' boys an' we'll hunt fer Henri."

Mrs. Basteau nodded, got up and headed for her pirogue. "Hurry," she said, then she got in and poled away up-stream.

Sheriff Neil spat twice, then whistled to his deputy. "Round up Hag and Nate and Kells," he ordered. "Old Hank's lost. Gotta find him."

Cajun Joe whistled as he strode from trap to trap. He soon cleaned up his line. Then he halted. What was to stop him from adding to his own catch? Henri Basteau was gone now. Joe turned into the deeper jungle. Basteau's line was three miles distant from his own. He

MODERN COMICS

found a few good pelts, and was in the act of going about his way when he heard men threshing through the underbrush.

Joe ducked into a thick clump of briars and squatted down to wait. Soon he saw the sheriff and three men going westward. They were looking in every direction, and occasionally they'd call out Henri Basteau's name.

Joe grinned. Henri would never answer. No.

When the law had gone, Joe got up and went on his way. He had nothing to fear, had he?

In his cabin that evening Joe gloated over his good luck—his extra catch of skins. Basteau's trapline was a good one; better than Joe's. Well, it was his—Joe's—now. It was a profitable day. Yes.

Kells, one of the sheriff's possemen, had brought his dog along. It was a mongrel, an off-breed, but it knew the 'Glades thoroughly. It loped ahead of the men, sniffing at everything. It made no sound.

They had gone several miles when they came into a small glade near a deep portion of the swamp. Here the dog went into a frenzy of sniffing and whining. It began digging rapidly in the sod.

"What fo' that there dawg do that way?" one of the men demanded.

Kells grinned. "Prob'ly smell a possum."

The dog scratched and hurled bits of grass and sod every which way. The men stood and watched it. Sheriff Neil was tired. Wherever Basteau was, he was not making any sound.

"Looky!" cried Kells, running to where his dog had suddenly disappeared from sight. A hole in the sod showed where the dog had gone.

"'Gator cave, most like," said the sheriff. "We'd better get that dawg outa there, er he will get et."

They quickly enlarged the hole and Kells dropped into it, carrying a lantern. They heard him let out a yelp. He lifted the dog out and shouted, "He's down here—Basteau! 'Gator must've got him. Wait."

After much tugging and grunting, Kells got Basteau's body out the surface. They examined it in the lanternlight. The man's jaw was broken, his eyes blackened, his nose bloody.

"No 'gator did that," opined the sheriff. "Henri's been a-fightin'. Never knew Hank to fight."

"They's only one feller who hated pore old Henri," observed one of the men. "Cajun Joe. All the time Joe blames Henri fer stealin' his pelts. Henri never done stole nothin', but Joe allus tries to pick a fight so's he can get holt o' Henri's line."

The sheriff nodded sagely. He knew about the feud—all one-sided. Yes, this must be the work of Cajun Joe.

"Come on, boys," he said. "Let's go see Joe."

Kells pried Basteau's tightly closed hand open and held out a large leather-covered button.

"Cajun Joe's," he said. "He's got the on'y coat with them kind o' buttons in the 'Glades."

"Come on," said the sheriff. They headed into the trees, leaving Basteau's body where it was.

Cajun Joe was uneasy. He tried sleeping, but sleep wouldn't come. He got up and stretched. The moon was bright. He liked moonlight. Mebbe he could induce sleep by a stroll. He headed toward the swamp. He walked several miles, listening to the night sounds.

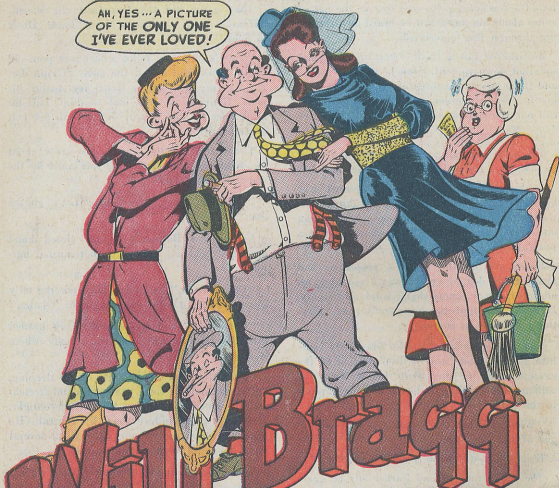
Then he was suddenly in a little clearing. It was where he and Basteau had fought. Joe strode forward. And abruptly his body shot downward and he cut loose with a terrific yell. The sheriff and his men heard it just as they were entering Joe's cabin. They knew it was Joe. They turned about and started toward the sound.

"Sometimes a murderer goes back to the scene of his crime," said the sheriff, who had read that.

Cajun Joe was nowhere about when they reached the moonlit clearing. But they found the fresh cave-in at the hole. The picture was plain. Joe had fallen through the hole. He must still be down there. Kells took the lantern and lowered it. He nodded.

"No use goin' down fer him," he said. "That ole 'gator done finished him. Gosh, funny how things happen sometimes."

AH, YES ... A PICTURE
OF THE ONLY ONE
I'VE EVER LOVED!



Will Bragg

I MEAN IT, MISS EFFY...
THIS VANNA LYTHE IS
MY NOTION OF A
SUPER-PLUS-ULTRA
DISH. DON'T YOU
THINK SO, WILL?

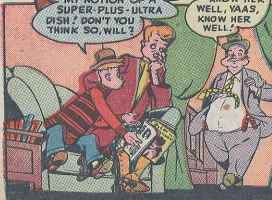
VANNA
LYTHE, FORE-
MOST LOVELY
OF HOLLY-
WOOD! I
KNOW HER
WELL, YAAS,
KNOW HER
WELL!

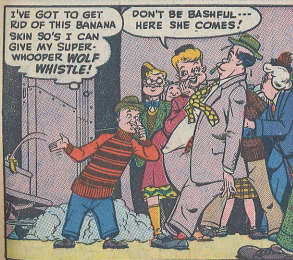
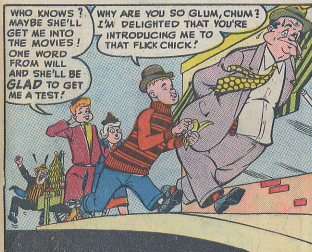
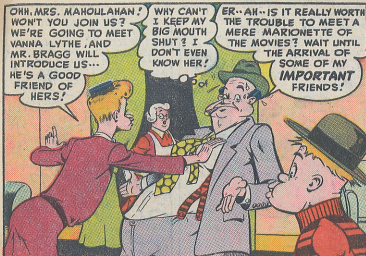
INDEED, YEEES! 'T WAS MY
UNTIRING INTEREST AND
BRILLIANT COACHING THAT
FIRST WON HER RECOGNITION
IN THE THEATER! SHE'S
ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO
ME, AND RIGHTLY
SO!

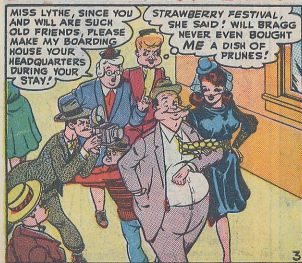
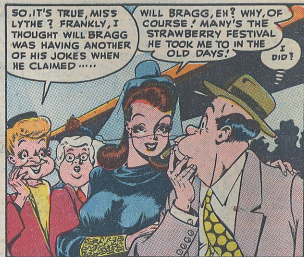
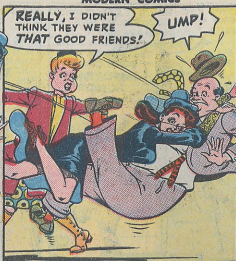
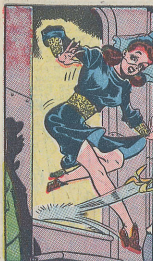
OHhhh!
HEE-HEE-HEE!
YOU CAN GET
HER TO SIGN
MY AUTOGRAPH
ALBUM THEN,
CAN'T YOU?

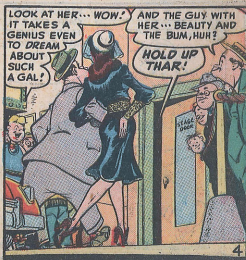
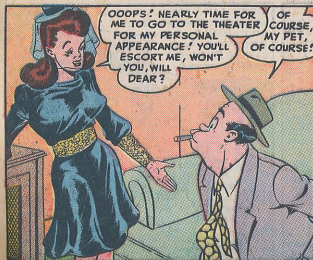
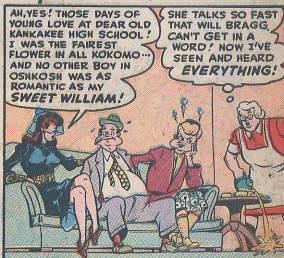
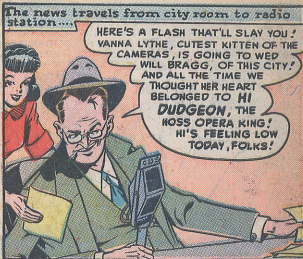
NOTHING
SIMPLER,
EFFY...
IF SHE
WERE
ONLY IN
TOWN!
WHAT,
GULLY?

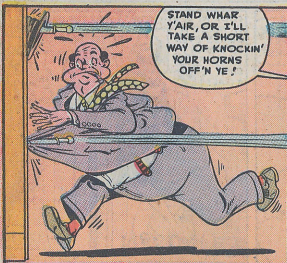
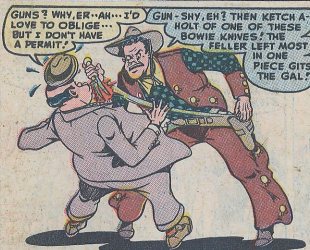
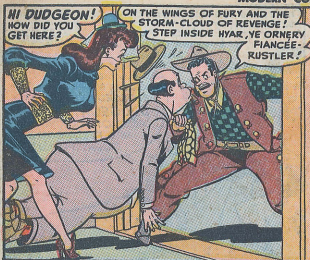
SHE'LL BE
HERE ...
DUE ON
THE NOON
EXPRESS
FOR HER
PERSONAL
APPEARANCE
HERE! 'C'MON,
WE'LL ALL
GO MEET
HER!

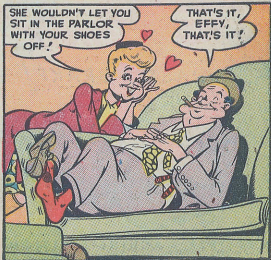
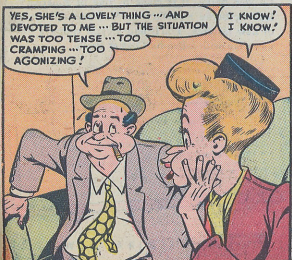
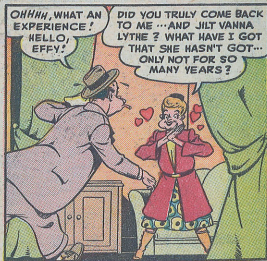
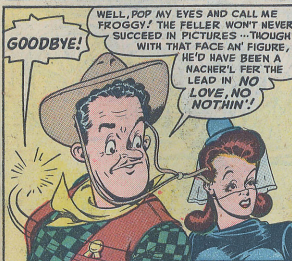
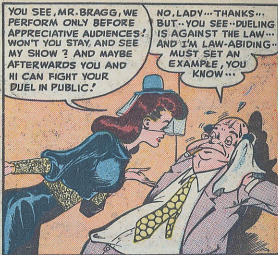
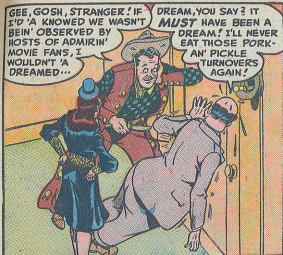






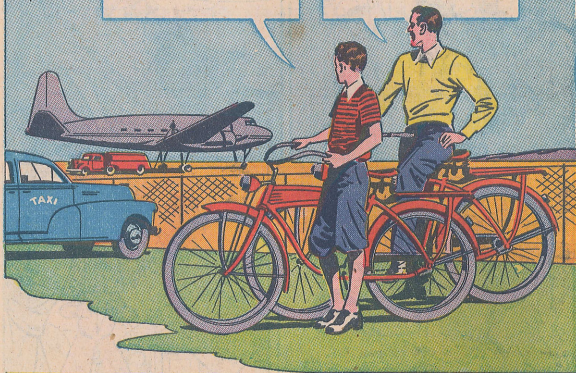






"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of Air-
craft and Automotive use!"



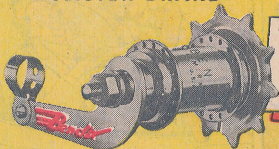
GET THE NEW

Bendix

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix* Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. *TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life ★ Fewer Parts ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker ★ Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



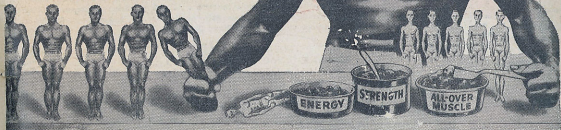
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN - IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over 2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, factual Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 0000, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write plainly)

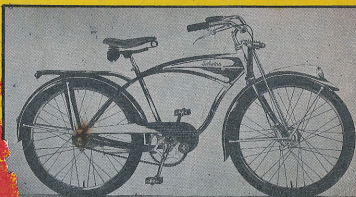
Address

City Zone No. (if any) State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

Schwinn-Built Bicycles

SET THE PACE IN FEATURES!



One look tells you . . . you need a sparkling new Schwinn-Built Bicycle to outclass all the rest! Exclusively Schwinn-Built are such pace-setting features as Knee-Action Spring Fork for smoother, easier riding, Tubular Rims for greater strength with less weight, Forewheel Brake for trigger-quick stops, Built-in Kickstand for trouble-free parking, and Cyclelock for built-in theft-protection. Be out in front with America's favorite . . . the precision-engineered Schwinn-Built Bicycles. See your Schwinn dealer . . . today. Look for his name in your Classified Telephone Directory.

1 WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', SPEEDY?

I'VE SET A TRAP FOR THOSE GUYS WHO HAVE BEEN STEALIN' BIKES HERE AT TH' SCHOOL YARD

2 THERE ARE SOME GUYS WALKIN' UP TO MY BIKE NOW—HURRY UP, MERILEE... GET TH' POLICE!

3 THIS BIKE HAS A CYCLELOCK! I CAN'T—

OH-OH! TH' COPS!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU KIDS HAVE BROKEN UP A GANG OF VICIOUS CRIMINALS WERE PROUD OF YOU

THANKS—BUT IF ALL KIDS HAD SCHWINN BIKES LIKE OURS WITH CYCLELOCKS IT WOULD DISCOURAGE BIKE STEALING

LATER

FREE!

IT'S SCHWINN FOR GIRLS' BICYCLES, TOO



BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE SCHWINN SEAL OF QUALITY ON THE FRAME BENEATH THE SADDLE

EXCITING MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

Just fill in the coupon, paste it on a penny postcard and mail. You'll get a thrilling full-color folder, filled with pictures of your favorite movie stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. Send for your copy . . . now!



PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1773-A N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1773-A N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.